

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 12

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Hafif Müseddes

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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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Translator's Note

My English translation of Golpinarli's version of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* began twenty years ago and still continues today. The main source of Golpinarli's Turkish translation of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* is a two-volume set registered as Numbers 68 and 69 in the library of the Mevlana Museum in Konya. This *Dîvân* was apparently completed on October 13, 1368.

According to Franklin Lewis in Rumi: Past & Present, East & West, this *Dîvân* was stolen, but later found and returned to the Mevlana Museum about 50 years ago by the Turkish government.* I have not been able to confirm this story with either the Turkish Ministry of Culture or with the Museum's current director, Mr. Erdoğan Erol. (Mr. Lewis also mentions a second *Dîvân* registered in the library of the Mevlana Museum as Number 2113, but there is no *Dîvân* registered under this number.)

Thanks to the Turkish Ministry of Culture, I have this two-volume *Dîvân* on microfilm and permission to share it with anyone interested in combining the original with the English translation.

In Rubai M-198, Mevlana says,

My turban, my robe, my head,
None of them are worth a dime.
Haven't you heard
My name in the Universe?
I am nobody.
I am the Absence.

* Lewis, F. (2000). Rumi: Past & Present, East & West. Oxford: Oneworld. (pp. 297-298)

Naturally, scholars will study Mevlana's turban, robe, and head. These studies are necessary in learning about Mevlana. But how can we learn about Absence? Only by reaching Absence. In order to do that, one has to be annihilated.

All scholarly works are nothing but skillful dissections of Mevlana's perception, which in full honesty goes far beyond three dimensional time and space realities. To know Farsi and other languages are definitely a big help, but not enough to comprehend Mevlana. In his own words, Mevlana clearly states,

Either be Iranian, or Rum, or Turk.

Talk the language of the Mute.

(Golpinarli, Vol. 7, p. 662)

In 1998, Open Secret and later The Essential Rumi broke all records in U.S. poetry book sales. The books' editors, Coleman Barks and Robert Bly, thus succeeded in communicating the language of the soul to people who had probably never heard of Rumi before.

But this success should not be surprising. Mevlana is an ocean that has no boundary. In his poetry there are treasures of every kind and size to satisfy the needs of everyone.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 12
Bahr-i Hafif Müseddes

Feilâtün Mefâilün Feilât

1.

Verse 1

Page 288 of original Divan.

○ doctor, cast your spell
To cure the insane.

We won't be aware of anything.
Find medicine. Mix opium with wine.

Since you cannot escape, free yourself
From *how* and *what*.
Be annihilated so you can see absolute beauty.

O cupbearer, look at the heart
That is filled with blood,
Then offer that ruby-colored glass.

Because mind is very ordinary, it becomes greedy.
Prostrate in front of ordinary people.

But the ones who drink wine won't buy
These breachless circles of sky for a penny.

Ask for the greatness of love from Mecnun,
Then realize how much you must do to deserve him.

The ones who have lost their way by following love
Will surpass hundreds of thousands of rules,
Regulations and codes of law.

O morning breeze, be so kind
As to tell this unseen sea of pearl,

To say, "In anger you have said,
'I won't give life to that smelly, molded mud'."¹

O Shems of Tebriz, you are the Moses of time.
Don't leave Kharum² at separation.



2.

Verse 12

Our beloved came to our arms.
There is no limit to our roses and sugar.

We are constantly in the rose marmalade.
That's why our heart is very strong in our chest.

Even the planet Venus turns around our army.
In order to find its place,
It changes from one shape to another.

We open our wings and fly to the sky
Because our essence is from God's throne.

The ones in the sky burn incense
From our ambergris dispositions.

The main road of our country
Is made of roses, erguvan³ and nesrin.⁴

Until the wind comes from our fresh breath,
The earth doesn't smile, doesn't open.

Even the particles in the air come to life
With the wind of our love
Which grows and develops the soul.

Ears become the confidant
To the secret of absence
From the tongues of our heart.

Shems of Tebriz burns and scatters the clouds.
His shade remains on our head.



3.

Verse 22

Hear the sound of the rosary from above.
You also call this
The greatest of the Greatest name in rosary.⁵

“And who brings forth herbage?”⁶
If you find the meadow,
Your soul grows with rose and hyacinth.

The verse of *He knows the manifest*
And what is hidden
Is the form of this gazel musk
In the bottom of his belly.⁷

When the breath of His gazels come,
Soul aims toward the meadow of
*Guides them to their goal.*⁸

When *We will make you recite*
So you shall not forget is said,
Thirst will be forgotten.⁹



4.

Verse 27

Hundreds of drums are beaten in my heart.
We will hear their voices tomorrow.

The worries of tomorrow, the anxieties of desire
Are cotton in the ear, hair in the eye.

You also burn this cotton with the fire of love
Like Hallac and others like him.

Why do you keep fire and cotton together?
They are opposite each other
And cannot stay together.

The time is very close to unite with love.
Make yourself beautiful for that occasion.

Our death is joy and union for us,
If it is mourning for you, go away from here.

Since this world is a dungeon for us
The destruction of this dungeon is joy and cheer.¹⁰

If His dungeon is so beautiful,
How beautiful must be His assembly
That adorns the earth?

Don't look for loyalty in this dungeon.
There is no faithfulness or loyalty here.



5.

Verse 36

My ears have been waiting for your news.
My soul is desiring a greeting from your soul.

My heart's longing has been overflowing
With the anticipation
Of the exuberance of your glass.

O my beauty, your trap is
So attractive, so nice
That it is not necessary
To scatter bait into that trap.

Sultans throw their crowns and belts, like coins,
To the coarse, woolen stuff
That your poor creatures wear.

When I first fell in your love,
I started to think of the end. Alas!

Turn me into a chain
And tie it onto the camel's leg.
How could I deserve the hump of the camel?

With your favor
The one who drinks milk from you
Feels like death when he is weaned.

For the sake of your tongue
That explains the secret of absence,
Have your greetings reach my ear.

For the sake of your palace
That offers prosperity,
Let me see the roof of your house
From a distance.

If head makes a profit by prostrating
In front of you,
What would be missed from your kindness?
What do you lose?

O Shems of Tebriz, this confused heart
Has written your name on his heart.



6.

Verse 47

¶ Eyes are unable to open from sleep.
Open your eyes so you can find the crowd.

Look and see.
Eyes have become like restless Mercury
In the hole of their orbits.

Night has become long.
People have fallen into moonlight like stars.

The black and white part of the eye
Has been ruined by sleep's wine.

All thoughts have fallen like leaves.
Dust has settled down on top of all reason.

Mind has gone to one corner, saying,
"If you have the mind, go and find reason."

Look at the hashish addict of the night
Who offers hashish to all the people.

Eyes have fallen to *Ayin-Gayin*.¹¹
Water, clouds and business have gone
Beyond questions and answers.

The horses of those horsemen,
Whose minds are so sharp,
Have all gotten stuck in the mud.



7.

Verse 56

○ friends, the beloved has come to make peace.
What has happened to you
That you stay of out of doors?

The time for separation and waiting is over.
O sound-minded ones, enter through the door.

Beauty's sun has opened his chest.
Get your clothes from its blaze.

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The modesty of love is to leave modesty alone.
Love of love's community is entirely modest.

Love's wine has destroyed name and fame.
There is neither head remaining to see
Nor tail to watch.

The taste of love is mixed with the mind
Just like the slave is unified with the master.

The girls of heart are in the middle
Of heart's garden,
The ferris wheel of the garden.
They fall to the ground like drunks.

If you are not the confidant of heart,
"Ask of them from behind the curtain." ¹³

O Shems of Tebriz, offering the glass of wine
Comes from you. Giving our heart in order to roast
Comes from us.



8.

Verse 65

Tonight, sleep ran away from the body
As well as the head;
When he saw heart in such a ruin,
He just ran away.

Sleep saw a heart that is burned, ruined.
He ran away because of this unpleasantness.

Poor sleep was wounded
By the claw of love,
Ran away because of his pain.

Love opened its mouth like an alligator.
Love plunged into the sea like a fish.

When sleep saw his merciless enemy,
He stopped, hesitated, and jumped forward,
Then turned back and ran away.

Our moon-faced one rose at night.
Sleep ran away
Like shadows run from the sun.

When sleep saw the awakened glory,
It ran away like a sparrow from the eagle.

Thank God, that stately bird has come again.
When he came, the raven flew away.

Love asked a question of sleep.
Sleep was afraid, and ran away.

Sleep was closing the door in six directions;
God opened the door, and sleep ran away.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Sleep was false with your image.
It ran away from the truth.



9.

Verse 76

Come inside. There is no taste in pleasure
Without you.
Who is there who hasn't wholeheartedly
Become a slave, a servant to you.

O One who gives soul like the inside of the body,
To our soul,
You are secret like soul,
But at the same time, not.

Wherever you put your hand, that is soul,
But it is impossible to put your hand on soul.

Soul who has been purified by body
Is the only one who holds a mirror
To the Beloved.

That moment the sun and moon come together¹⁴
Is not the time to tell confused stories.

My drunkenness has increased.
I am afraid that word turns around,
Finds no place.

Put your hand on my mouth
So that I won't say that unspoken word.



10.

Verse 83

ufis come from left and right.

They are wandering
From one neighborhood to the other,
From here to there,
Asking where the wine is.

The Sufi's door is heart.
His quarter is soul. The wine of the Sufi
Is offered from God's jar.

The Sufi opens the lid of the jar, yells,
"Come on, O one who is in love with us.
Come."

This kind of wine, this kind of drunkenness
Is permissible in every sect,
In every religion.
It is all right to drink.

Break your oath. To repent in assembly like that
Because of fault
Is fault a hundred times over.

When you break your oath, call the devout,
Because today is the day of announcement.

Why is it important if people ignore you?
Your place is on the pupils of lovers.

Don't worry if your honor has gone.
The place of the lover is beyond water and air.

If acquaintances avoid us, let them.
In fact, the one who is submerged in the sea
Knows only the sea.
He keeps swimming there.



11.

Verse 92

Cheer up, O ocean,
O source of the fountain of Life.
You are essence.
The others resemble attributes.

Ah, what did I say?
From where to where?
There is no attribute
That deserves Your essence.

The one who plunges
Into the love sea of Your face
Will keep laughing at Firat¹⁵
Under his mustache.

When your sugar shows its face to the world,
The world turns into sugar from East to West.

When my soul saw the glass of the beloved,
It was ruby colored like his blood.
He said, "That is the wine for you."

Soul drank to the last drop
And caught fire,
Burned with the flame.

Soul became so drunk
That the only worship he would accept
Was to drink wine.

A voice came from the throne of God,
"Good luck to you: The light given to you
Has surpassed mine."

Good news: Even if you suffered
And cried for blood for two hundred years,
You wouldn't be able to find this gift.

Every drop of that glass
Brings the dead to life,
Makes old ladies into brand-new virgins.

If Lat¹⁶ had the smell from the Beloved's love,
He wouldn't fall head down.

When you are drunk,
How can you separate ruku from secde¹⁷ of Namaz?

If you have ecstasy from the light of love,
The soul of Namaz
Becomes the body of our sultan.

If you die in front of Shemseddin's feet,
You will be enlivened, freed from dying.

The One who is worshipped gave us
The decree of the sovereignty of immortality.



12.

Verse 107

Love is nothing but kindness and grace.
Love is openness of heart, finding the right way.

Abu-Hanife¹⁸ did not teach the lesson of love.
Shafii¹⁹ did not say much about love.

The words *permissible* and *non-permissible*
Last until death.
There is no end to the knowledge of lovers.

Lovers are immersed in sugar's water.
Egypt doesn't complain about sugar.²⁰

Why wouldn't the drunk soul
Give thanks for endless wine?

Whoever you see deep in trouble has a sour face.
He certainly is not a lover.
He is not from that town.

If zeal and jealousy wouldn't spread,
You would see that every smiling rose
Is a curtain for the garden.

The one who is not aware
Of the beginning, of creation
Is the one who is first on this road of love.

Be annihilated,
Annihilated from your existence,
Because there is no worse guilt,
No worse revolt than your existence.

Don't ever be a shepherd.
Let them drive you.
To be a shepherd is nothing but a big headache.

Say, "God is enough for humans."
In fact, "Is not God sufficient
For His servant?"²¹
But humans don't have this knowledge,
This understanding.

Humans say these are difficult words,
Hard to understand;
No, they are clear, easy to be understood.

A blind man tripped over a jar.
He complained that the floor didn't have eyes.

"Why are all these jars and bowls
Right on the road?
They shouldn't be put here."

"Take the jars off the road, so we won't talk
Against the one who arranges the floor."

The one who arranges the floor said,
"O blind man, the jar is not in the way.
You just don't know the right way."

You left the way by walking toward the jar,
Which is nowhere to go but haywire.

O my hodja, there is no proof
Of the beginning or the end
On the way of religion
Except your drunkenness.

You have no way.
Otherwise, the one who tries and strives naturally
Becomes brave and dashing.

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You are the proof,
But you are still looking for proof.
There is no better proof
Than the proof of desire.

Ever since the words *He who has done a small
Particle of good or evil
Will see the proper response,*²²
There is no guilt that doesn't have its punishment.

There is no possibility
That if you do a small favor
You will not see its reward.
If you are not blind, open your eyes and see.

Every plant is the sign of existing water.
Is there anything
From which one cannot get some response?

Be silent now. There are signs of this water,
But there is no need to advise the thirsty.



13.

Verse 131

Good people's deeds
Provoke a person to do good
Just like music and parties
Cause people to drink wine.

God thanks goodness in order
To encourage humans to do good deeds,
Complains about evil.

He mentions Pharoah,
Talks about the thanks of Moses.
They are all pretext.
They are stories about us.

The selfish ones are from Pharoah.
The ones who plunged into the sea
Are from Moses.

Make sure that joy comes after sorrow,
For you will be grieved after being happy.

Ahmed²³ chose to become earth.
For that reason he became Sultan of Mirac,²⁴
Ruler of heaven.

You also turned into earth,
So plants grow on you.
The one who became earth
Found the treasure of heart.

Since we are one, without *me* and *we*,
Be silent. To whom are you telling these words?



14.

Verse 139

Today, kible is the sultan of sultans.
Whoever comes to the door,
Tell them, "There is no way."

Apologize. Find excuses. Come to your senses.
Say, "Everybody is asleep. Nobody is awake."

The fire which is neither short nor small
Will leave no shortness, no smallness.

There are images in nature's well.
Joseph, who is in the well,
Can't do without images.

When the crop turns into wheat,
It becomes our friend, is not for hay.

The love of the one
Who is not part of number ten
Tears everyone, one by one.

There will be times when He will grab your ear
And pull you to the land of timelessness.

Shems of Tebriz is the Sultan of Turks.
The sultan is not in the tent now.
Go to the valley.



15.

Verse 147

Morning is auspicious because of You.
The morning's wine is auspicious because of You.
The center and sides have all acquired
Illuminous glory because of You.

O my Beauty, the wine that houris offer
To the ones in Your assembly is permissible.

O One who opens thousands of doors to our face,
The One who gives the key to our hand!

Whatever God's muezzin
Who caused the breakdown²⁵ said,
You opened and explained to us.

They say, "Generosity is to grab the profit."
But You never asked for any return
For the things You have given us.



16.

Verse 152

It is necessary to open the eyes of night.
Morning comes. It is time to open the eyes.

We have to run in the direction
Of wherever our Beauty rides the horse.

Soul's kitchen is in the land of no dimension.
We should turn our mouths to that direction.

Since such a gold mine has appeared,
We should turn ourselves into shears.

It would be necessary
To wash life's dress, like Hizir,
With the fountain of life
To make it clean and beautiful.

Since the sugar cane of life is so jealous,
We should avoid this sugar.

Since such a coddled beauty is in our house,
It is time to be coy.
It is necessary to be coy now.

It is manly to tolerate
The thorn with the rose,
But more important for man
To get along with humans.

Since his face's kible has appeared,
It would be necessary to pray to the heels.

It is necessary to prostrate to the kibles
Belonging to that world in front of that beauty.

It would be necessary to become Eyaz
For the love at the end to become Mahmud.

Since truth is hidden in silence,
It is necessary
To give up these temporary words.



17.

Verse 164

Half yellow, half red; the small apple
Reminds us of rose and saffron.

When the lover is separated from the beloved,
The lover falls in grief,
The beloved becomes coy.

These two collars are opposite each other,
But the resulted separation
Reflects love on the face of both.

It is not proper for the beloved
To have a pale face.
Also, it is not proper to have a lover
With a red face and a big belly.

O lover, when the beloved is coy,
Accept it. Don't fight it.

I resemble a thorn. My beloved is a rose.
Rose and thorns are two, but in reality, one.

He looks like the sun. I am like a shadow.
The warmth of immortality comes from him.
Coldness comes from me.

Talut and Calut²⁷ fought each other.
David and his family made thick thin armor.

Heart was born from the body
But is the sultan of body,
Just as man was born from woman.

But, there is a secret heart inside of the heart.
It is hidden like a rider inside of dust.

Rising dust is caused by the rider.
He is the one who raises the dust.

If you keep thinking forever,
There won't be any move in the chess game.
Be brave, throw the dice.
Shems of Tebriz is the sultan of heart.
His warmth matures the fruit of the heart.



18.

Verse 177

The ones who are aware of their death
Melt away like sugar in front of the beloved.

They drink from the fountain of life
At the assembly of Elest,²⁸
In sum, they die differently.

They surpass the angels in charm and grace.
It is too far for them to die like humans.

Since they are gathered in the land of love,
They don't die like the human crowd.

Do you think lions die
Like dogs outside of the door?

When lovers die during the journey,
Soul's sultan runs to meet them.

They all die in front of the feet
Of that moon-faced one.
They shine like the sun because of that.

The lovers who become soul to each other
Die in each other's love.

There is love's water in the lung of everyone.
They are all water.
All are assimilated by the lungs.

They all look like peerless pearls.
They don't die in the arms of father or mother.

Lovers fly to the sky.
Unbelievers die and go to the bottom of hell.

Lovers open the eyes of absence.
The rest of them die blind and deaf.

The ones who cannot sleep at night because of fear
Will die completely secure from fear and danger.

But the ones who worship grass here
Are, in fact, oxen. They die like donkeys.

Today, the ones who look for that point of view
Die cheerfully in front of that view.

Page 292 of original Divan.

The sultan takes them in the arms of kindness.
They don't die worthlessly, despicably or casually.

The one who wants to get the nature of Mohammed
Will die like Abu Bekir, Omer.

Death is just a face,
Away from those who would perish.
I mention this just in case they die.



19.

Verse 195

Your love has made me drunk.
I keep clapping my hands.
I am drunk, out of myself.
How do I know what I am doing?

I was a sour grape, became ripe.
How can I show myself sour-faced?

The beloved who sells halva is as sweet as sugar.
Put a handful of halva in my mouth.

Since he opened the halva store,
He took away my house and belongings
Left me without a store.

People say, "You shouldn't be like that."
I wasn't. He is the one who made me like that.

First, he broke the jar and spilled the vinegar.
I yelled, "He has caused loss to me."

But, instead of one jar, he gave me
Hundreds of jars of wine to drink, made me happy.

He baked me in His oven of trial and turbulence
And made me as rosy-cheeked as I am.

I grew old with grief like Zeliha.²⁹
He turned me like Joseph, rejuvenated me.

I flew like an arrow from His hand.
He grabbed me and bent me like a bow.

I would fill the sky and earth with sugar.
I used to resemble the earth.
He turned me into sky.

My heart has passed the milky way.
He is the One who pulled me through the milky way.

I have seen roofs and ladders.
He is the One who caused me
To lose interest in both.

When the world was filled with my story
He hid me in the world, like soul.

When He found me with a soft-like tongue,
He immediately turned me
Into a translator for Himself.

I was the one with the heart-like tongue,
That's why He explained all the secrets
Of the heart, one by one.

When my tongue started shedding blood,
He put me in His waist, like a sword.

Enough, O heart.

It is impossible to tell what that beloved,
What that impassioned friend did to me.



20.

Verse 213

♫ ufis make two bairam together in one moment.
Yet, spiders suck juice out of a fly,
Make it dead and dry.

They are suns. They hit their swords
To martyr the darkness.

Again, every particle turns into the sound
Of the trumpet of judgment day
In order to celebrate your martyrs.

The old firmament keeps turning around them
To renew the old ones.

They do this in spite of the abstinence
Of envious ones who try
To keep them away from you.

But they divert the envious ones from envy.
They make everyone who wants themselves
Give their will to them.

They are the chemistry of happiness to everyone.
They turn everybody to gold.
This happens to everyone.

Heaven also acts as a secret chemistry,
But it takes a long time.

They have stolen this business from absence.
Sometimes they make things nice and clean.
At other times they mess things up.


How lucky a moment is that moment
When they make the whole
Without putting the pieces together.

Quit talking like that.
Cover the top of the oven
So they will soak your bread with gravy.



21.

Verse 224

alf yellow, half red, a small apple
That reminds me of rose and saffron.

The lover has left the Beloved.
Half became a smile,
The other half turned into grief.

A shaky person stood on the ground
And tried to dust the face of the moon.

He was clapping his hands and, at the same time,
Asking who could do this art.

How could a broken-winged sparrow
Put the egg of sky's dome under its wing?

A land of smiles has appeared here.
Go, O man, look for a beloved who smiles.

How long will those ugly ones keep acting coy?
This backgammon has been played
In reverse like that.

Since they cannot differentiate odd from even,
Why do they play odd and even?

Quit those words. Come, let's have ecstasy,
Reach beauty, whose face
Deserves thousands of tulips and roses.



22.

Verse 233

Presently, Joseph starts walking with a sway.
Sugar and honey become cheaper in Egypt.

When the ruby in Your throne shows its face,
What is the body that even stone comes to life?

The captive of separation has climbed to the throne
With a crown on his head.
What is this? He has become Hakan, Hakan.³⁰

Love comes as a very big guest,
But houses are very small.
They have all fallen to the ground.

The wings of greatness have grown,
Then the cage, bird and egg flew.

The ones who have heart are wondering, asking,
“Where is the heart?”
The lovers who are without heart
Are not even aware he is the heart.

Tap the ground. Enter into play.
Feel the new pleasure, O my son.
Don't ever say the end has come.

The rich sarrof³¹ lost his gold gambling,
But he is still the winner,
Because he has entered the mine.

Since Shems of Tebriz has put up a ladder
That climbs to the dome of heaven,
It is easy to ascend.



23.

Verse 242

As great life will extend, become long.
God sees and protects him.

The joy of rulers is not free and clear.
But for him, joy and pleasure come
As if they are paid for in advance with cash.

There won't be any cold, frozen people
At his warm, sweet assembly.
Souls that have been flying
In the land of absence
Will be frozen like designs on the carpet
In front of him.

The kingdom will walk at his left side,
His right side, and North and South.

There are two towns called body and soul.
He should be the sultan and mayor in both towns.

Shems of Tebriz is certainly a glory,
Real prosperity for me in hand.
The others are just words.



24.

Verse 248

Emshid³³ has spread fire to earth
Through four curtains.

How lucky is the one who is an undressed star,
Naked from existence. Alas to the one
Who looks shaded like the willow.³⁴

Love is pure white. His face is red,
But it is not because of make-up.

Love is such a safe city
That there is no fear, no hope.

When love appears, comes forward, the living
In whom one breath deserves one life
Become immortal.

There is a bride in the sky. Don't ask.
If you do, ask Venus.

Nobody knew about this bride.
Prophets came to bring news about this bride.

Shems of Tebriz is the Joseph of the present.
He has even bought sultans by giving soul.



25.

Verse 256

The Beloved's love made me without soul.
Even soul has freed himself with love,

Because soul has come later.
Yet there is no beginning of love's beginning.
He has no way to understand that.

The Beloved's love pulled our souls to Himself
Like a magnet,

Then made the existence of soul disappear.
After soul disappeared, he saw his being.

Soul came back to himself later.
The fishing line of love was dropped,
And soul grabbed it.

Love offered him real wine.
All personal truths have run away from him.

This is proof of the beginning of love,
But nobody has ever reached the end of love.



26.

Verse 263

Watch this beauty who was born in our time.
He threw idols and idol houses to the wind.

There were known beauties in the world.
Nobody remembers any of them any more.

When the clouds cleared from His moon-face,
Seven layers of sky had been separated,
Layer by layer.

That brilliance reflected like moonlight
Through all the windows into the inside.

His light became more intensified.
It broke all the souls to pieces.

Souls started to dance,
Particle by particle
In front of that soul's sun.

They all flew, saying,
“Whatever happens will happen,”
Just like the flying of Shems of Tebriz.



27.

Verse 270

Whoever goes through waiting for You
Will catch destiny and glory.

The crop waits for rain, greens its chest,
And turns into a tulip garden.

The mine waits for sun, and at the end
Changes stone to pure ruby.

The leader waits for the star Sukeyl.³⁵
That star makes a hundred thousand
Changes in the leader.

Iron waits to be polished, be quenched.
At the end it makes its face pure,
Without dust.

Ali's sword waits for the Prophet
And makes itself Zulfekaar in battle.

The wait of a baby inside of the mother's womb
Makes sperm a beautiful-cheeked sultan.

The wait of grain under the ground
Makes one grain become a thousand.

The mill waits for water and makes
The millstone agile and restless.

Waiting for God's revelation changes the eye
To an eye of admonition.

Waiting for the gifts of the sea of kindness
Makes heart like an ink pot
Full of pomegranate grains.

The patience of grape juice
In the heart of the jar
Makes it the kind of wine
That sultans want to drink.

There is no embracing during his waiting time,
But this waiting eventually makes even
The expelled one qualified to be embraced.

If I talked about waiting to the Beloved,
This wouldn't be finished until judgment day.

Waiting for Shems of Tebriz
Turns Sun, Venus and Moon.



28.

Verse 285

Love has a restless soul. It is a shame
To mention soul in front of love.

The cypress of soul is too low, too ordinary
To the person
Who has that drunkenness in his head.

During the battle, the lover
Attacks the heart of the army.

He doesn't look for an escape road
Even when a hundred thousand
Swords are drawn on him.

Love is the place where lions are spread.
One dog cannot be the lion of that meadow.

Love hides souls in his sleeve.
Souls are scattered on the ground
In front of love.

Name, fame honor, shame and thought
Are only dust in front of the brooms of lovers.

Trouble chases everyone,
But only lovers won't be prey for trouble.

Lovers take in all kinds of trouble
By giving their lives.
Trouble sees this and becomes ashamed.

Sultan Selaheddin is the soul of love.
He is one of the secrets of God
Who arranges everything.



29.

Verse 295

The one who falls into the pleasure of love
Doesn't care for name, fame, honor or shame.

The lion hunter who comes suddenly like a tiger
Doesn't hear the advice of earthly gossip.

Even if a hundred thousand stones are thrown,
The bottle of love doesn't care.

When that graceful, lively charmer comes,
How can name and fame stop him?
Can honor and shame say, "Don't come?"

When love starts walking around,
A hundred thousand earths and skies
Become tight and narrow.

An army of Negroes can be defeated
As long as love,
Which resembles the Kaiser of Rum,
Becomes victorious.

Venus starts playing this tune on his harp.
In the end, that moon entered the battle.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Whoever can sit and enjoy without you
Has the excuse that, in front of love,
He is lame, lame.



30.

Verse 303

*L*ook at the new rule the sultan decreed.
He turned our kible toward the sultan.

There was no standard for the money of lovers.
He did a favor, kindly put up the new standard.

The rose of sadberk³⁶ has prepared
The causes for joy and pleasure.
He turned his face to the crying, wailing violet.

Whenever someone bent like a violet,
He straightened him, took him to the shade.

He presses lovers to his chest like a heart,
Makes drunk the one who took the lead.

Embrace his sorrows, because sorrow
Turns his face to the one who suffers.

Wait. Keep looking at the door,
Because he gave eyes to the waiting.

His face which resembles the rose garden
Stuck so many thorns in my heart.
Who knows that?

Don't look for decision in my loving heart.
He was involved with an unstable trouble.

If he turns his face to hunt,
Even the gazelle becomes prey to his eyes.

That beauty, who has woven armor with his hair
To lay in ambush and put such arrows to his bow,
Can penetrate all kinds of armor.

When he pulls himself to the side and hides,
Smoke covers the people.

His pity has heard the wail of lovers
And has come to help them.

He took their guilt as a good deed,
Covered them with his kindnesses.

The brilliance of lovers, Shems of Tebriz,
Enlightened eyes like the sun,
Gave light to the eyes.



31.

Verse 318

My poem resembles cornbread:
If you keep it overnight, you cannot eat it.
Eat it when it is fresh,
Before it gets dusty.

Its place is memory which goes fast, like fire.
But it dies in this world from the cold.

It flounders, flutters with one breath,
Like fish on the ground.

A moment later,
You see it become cold, then gone.

But when it is fresh,
If you absorbed its images,
You would drown many more of your own.

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The image you drink has to be very fresh.
It is no good to repeat the old one, hey man.



32.

Verse 324

It would be all right for me to do,
But how could a raven eat sugar with parrots?

Everyone has his own town.
How could the right one
Get together with the wrong one?

A parrot is alive with sugar,
But donkey droppings are wine for ravens.

See the love in you?
Could a male lion be born from a female wolf?

Run away from the one who is not a lover.
Your wrong would be increased because of that.

Even if you have been crushed
In the mortar of love,
Make sure that it would put you
To his eyes like salve.

Go. Change into a ruined house,
Because Shems of Tebriz is coming like a drunk.



33.

Verse 331

Our beloved's smell is not coming.
The parrot is not eating sugar here.

Soul's nightingale is not singing
Where there is no color of that rose.

How could we be happy without the beloved?
Love never asks anything like that.

There is everything here to love,
But joy and pleasure don't exist without Him.

The mother of sedition doesn't give birth
To any pleasure without seeing his face.

Wine not offered by the Beloved
Only gives headaches and nausea.

Even if the sky became full of stars,
The washer's desire would not materialize.
Cloth doesn't dry under the stars.

Nothing but boredom shows in this world
Without the part of Shems of Tebriz.



34.

Verse 339

You are the sultan of sultans.
You harvest instigation.
Once trouble gets up, you don't sit.

You are the beauty.
You are the sweet one.

We cling to your silver body like ambergris,
Because you are like musk.

You ride joy's sweetness horse forever.
You are in the saddle all of the time.

All beauties are temporary,
Yet, you are immortal
With ruby lips and a stone heart.

I won't cheer if I doubt
That you are sometimes cheerful, sometimes sober.

I saw you through the clarity
Of the secret wine.
You resemble the colorful jar.

If you are a servant
To the people's, faith's Shems,
You must be from Tebriz.



35.

Verse 347

Happy Bairam for lovers!
Lovers have a happy Bairam!

There is a smell from our soul in Bairam.
Blessed be that universe-like soul.

O one who became a moon to the sky and earth,
Everywhere up to seven skies
Would be blessed for you.

Bairam came.
There is proof in his hand
For union and lovers.
Blessings to that proof.

Don't break your fasting beside his sugar lips.
His sugar becomes auspicious to his mouth.

Bairam wrote these words on the tip of your lips.
This endless wine would be a blessing to you.

O Selahaddin,
How long will you be drinking alone?
Secret kisses would be auspicious.

If you give my share, I will talk. I will say,
"This one will be blessed to you and me."



36.

Verse 355

Put your mind in your head. The time has come
For the patient ones. The time of trial has come.

They break promises at a time like this,
Because the knife has touched the bone now.

Man loses his job
When his soul comes to the tip of his lips.
Oaths and promises all become shaky.

O heart, don't let yourself be overwhelmed,
Stay firm.
That time has just arrived.

Smile inside of the fire like red gold so they
Will say for you "The gold mine has come."

Go quickly in front of death's sword
And yell, "The pehlivan³⁷ has arrived."

Be with God. Ask for His help.
Help only comes from the sky.

O my God, the slave came down to Your door
And shook the sleeve of Your favors.

We open our mouth like shells, because
The rain of kindness starts scattering pearls.

There are so many dried thorns that
Have grown rose gardens in their heart
When they took refuge in You.

I have shown it to You one by one.
So much happiness has been generated from You
That the trace of their dust is unknown.

It is time for mercy,
Time for kindness and protection,
Because I opened a deep wound.

O bird of Ebabil, come over to Kaaba.
O army, heavy with elephants,³⁸ come.

Mind is telling me, "Be silent.
Our master, who knows the secret things,
Has come."

I kept silent but, O my God,
A yell is coming from my soul, without me.

"So, you did not throw them.
It was God who threw them."³⁹
Those words are from God.
The arrow was suddenly thrown from the bow.



37.

Verse 371

The eye has turned into blood.
Blood is not sleeping⁴⁰ because of insanity.

Night and day are not sleeping.
Bird and fish are wondering about me,
Saying, "What kind of thing is he?"

Before, I used to wonder why
This upside-down sky didn't sleep.

Now, the time has come
When the sky wonders about me,
Saying, "Why is this lean one not sleeping?"

Love has cast the spell of Ismi a'zam⁴¹ on me.
Soul has heart so he cannot sleep.

I understand that very well.
Soul doesn't sleep out of body before death.

Come to your senses. Be silent.
Return to your essence. Rejoin *the ones*.
"Surely we are God's, and to Him
We shall surely return."⁴²
The eyes of those don't sleep.



38.

Verse 378

Does earth's honey taste sweet to the one
Who has the pleasure of religion in his heart?

What can you do with the mind
That has fallen upside-down
With only one glass of wine?

Sell intelligence, buy bewilderment instead.
You will be ahead with this trading.

O wise one,
That condition is such a state
That nobody's mind can comprehend it.

All wisdom becomes a key
That cannot open that lock.

Even if the universe yells and screams
Particle by particle,
These sounds cannot be heard.

Even if Yezid becomes Beyazid or vice-versa,
Nothing will be added to that sea,
Nor will a drop be taken away.



39.

Verse 385

If luck smiles on your face,
Becomes your friend,
You will have fallen in love,
Will be busy with love.

Don't take life without love into account,
Because it has no value.

Time passed without love is considered
A shame at the temple of God.

It is better for you if you don't have
Too much of a load at the yurt,⁴³
Because at anytime, you may have to strike tent.

Since you have become the follower
Of love for now,
You must have patience like a father.

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The poverty that you are ashamed of now
Is pride for you in that world.

The bitterness of patience
Stays in your throat now,
But at the end, it will taste very sweet.

When the lion of soul is freed from this box,
He will reach the garden and meadow.

Once the sultan of heart
Gets off of this donkey
Which becomes a carcass,
He becomes the best rider.

Open the hands of labor.
Angels will scatter gifts for you.

You were hidden, came to the surface.
Everything secret like you
Will also come forward.

The one who doesn't make himself
Humble and modest
Will perish like the Pharaoh.

The one who doesn't make himself
Water, like the rose, in front of the fire
Will go up in flames like the thorn.

Nemrud wouldn't become prey to God.
That's why he became victim to a mosquito.

The person who doesn't know
The value of his time
Becomes a laughing stock for waiting.

Whoever chooses love loses his will power.
He goes beyond himself.

But the one who doesn't
Humiliate himself for love,
Who doesn't become drunk with love,
Will stay stupid forever.

The person who hasn't been sealed
By the pleasure of that moment
Becomes a collarless camel.

The one who doesn't have the eye of admonition
Becomes a person who hasn't learned his lesson.
He won't be respected by anyone.

Enough. Words have been put in dust,
But at the end they all scatter and fly.

When Shems of Tebriz makes up his mind,
Heart becomes unstable because of him.



40.

Verse 406

The mother of love hasn't taken the lover,
Who is still a child
To the side of the merciless sultan.

Before he reached adolescence,
He didn't take him to the one
Who is the soul of the Soul of souls.

The fox of mind tries to reach,
But is unable to find
The road to the hero of time,
To his sharp sword.

Life would be sacrificed to soul
Because he ascends the heart to skies,
Makes Mirac⁴⁴ for him.

Lovers look for a trace, yet love
Takes them to the one of whom no trace appears.

Blood has dripped on road after road,
But that is not enough.
In order to be a lover,
One has to scatter blood.

If someone's blood doesn't smell of musk,
Be certain that he hasn't gotten
That smell from Him.

The salve of Shems of Tebriz's eye
Leads the eye to the Beloved
Of the Sultan of absence.



41.

Verse 414

○ player, start the joy and drinking afresh.
Loosen up a few small silk threads.

Quit being shy.
Make peace.
Give up fighting.
Take the glass in your hand.

See the favor of the rose.
Overlook the quilt of thorns.
Make the musk smell.
Scatter ambergris.

Earth and sky have grown fat because of you.
Accept this as a unique, lean star.

You are the medicine of fattening to the people.
If you want, hold them in your arms.
Make them fat.

You are rejoicing with a smile like sugar.
Accept sugar as having less worth than Egypt.

Fate is the dirt at your feet.
So are power and prosperity.
All your necessities have been given to you.

Since victory and happiness
Are your slave, your servant,
Who cares if your enemy has thousands of armies?

O heart, if you need the water
Of the river Kevser,
Accept the fire of love as Kevser.

If you have to be the Kaiser's servant,
Regard his servant as Keykubad,⁴⁵ as Kaiser.

If someone's pulse is not palpitating with love,
Accept him as a donkey, even if he is Plato.

The head which has no wings of love
Is worse than the tail.

Come to your senses.
Don't tell the secret of Shems of Tebriz.
Don't open the secret.
Grab the red glass.



42.

Verse 427

O musician of lovers, strike the strings.
Put fire to the believer,
Also to the unbeliever.

It is not proper for lovers to be silenced.
Lift the curtain off of matter.

If the baby doesn't cry in the cradle,
How can the mother who cares
Know to give milk?

Everything is the thorn of love
Beside the face of the beloved,
Even if everything is a rose garden.

O musician, if I were to tell you
The stories of my heart,
You would step in blood.
Put your mind in your head.

Put your feet down slowly,
So that drops of heart's blood
Won't be scattered on the walls.

Put your mind in your head, player.
Watch the wounds of heart
So they will heal and disappear.

Player, call the name of the beloved
Who took patience and steadiness
Out of our heart.

Where has my heart stayed?
What can I say?
Even if my heart is like a mountain,
Things have already happened.

Don't mention my name too much.
Mention his name,
So I will call you a good speaker.

How could I talk about his walking?
Where would heart go then?
What walk is that?

O Shems of Tebriz,
There are so many sick ones in your time
Because you are the Jesus of time.



43.

Verse 439

A sun rose from secrets.
We started washing our clothes like Sufis.

Our bodies are like old, patched mantles.
Our soul is like a meaningful Sufi.

We wear that old,
Patched mantle only a few days,
But understanding
Between soul and love is eternal.

The sultan swears on your head.
Why did you put a turban on such a head?

Your face became kible to the moon.
Since you have such a face,
Why do you need a rose garden?

O one who doesn't know himself, you repented.
You were tired of being a lover.

When love suddenly showed his face,
Neither repentance nor pardon helped you.

That world is a colorful candle.
Love is a huge blazing fire.

When the candle and fire become neighbors,
Color and the shape of the candle disappear.

If I tell, you will annihilate me.
If I don't, the beloved won't let me alone.

The creator of the lover's garden is love.
All the rivers originate from love.

Green leaves turn into yellow
Because of love.

Branches of trees become green
Because of love.

The one who rejoices trembles because of love.
The sorrowful one cries
In the early dawn because of love.

Soul's spaciousness is with love.
Admonition to the eyes is with love.

I have been melted, absorbed in love.
How can I see Him?
Even if I saw His trace, that is not enough.

Really, traces cover traces.
Really, secrets hide secrets.

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An abundance of curtains can't cover me,
Because recalling You tears all curtains.



44.

Verse 457

Who feels pity for the friend?
Again, the friend.
Who hears the sighs of the patient?
Another patient.

Where are the tears of the protective spring
That fill the skirt of thorns with roses?

Hear the words of
*Recall death which destroys pleasures*⁴⁷
From merciless autumn.

If *the second of two*⁴⁸ is in the cave,
The cave becomes paradise to humans.

The sigh and lament of the lover
Penetrates and surpasses the sky.
The sigh of the lover
Is not contemptible and despicable.

The sky turns only for lovers.
This whirling sky turns with love, for love.

It turns for neither the bread maker,
The blacksmith, the carpenter
Nor the one who sells perfume.

Since the sky is turning for love,
Get up. Let's start turning.

Why did the One
Whose reputation includes the words,
If it weren't you I wouldn't create,
Say Ahmed-i Muhtar⁴⁹ is the essence of love?

For some time, we would turn around the lover.
How long will we be turning around
The dirt and carcass?

The eye cannot see them,
Yet they stick out their heads from doors and windows.

Door keeps telling secrets.
So does the wall.
Fire is telling stories.
So are water and earth.

They are all like scales,
A yardstick, a touchstone, mute,
But in the bazaar,
They act like the judge who keeps order.

We should turn around lovers.
How long will we keep turning
Around this carcass?

But where are the eyes that will see the lover?
They appear at the doors and walls.

The doors are telling a story.
So are the walls.
The same for earth and water.

They are all silent like scales,
Yardsticks and touchstones,
But act as a judge at the bazaar and stores.

O lover, go on,
Keep turning like the sky.
Never mind words, talk.



45.

Verse 475

Musician, start all together new in love.
Loosen the silk thread a little more.

When fate offers you wine,
Set your house at the roof of the sky.

You have conquered the land
Of drunkenness and ecstasy.
Never mind the desire
To conquer the land of Sencer.

Be drunk. Make friends drunk, too.
Ride the horse of red wine.

Drunkenness came from the roof,
Came from the head.
O reason, go away, out through the door.

There are many roads like dry land.
Make a ship go to the wet land, go to the sea.

I grew wings, then I flew.
You, who also eat my food, have wings.

I gave up saddle and horse like a bird.
You may think my horse is either lame or lean.

Even if no grape ever grows from the ground,
Still, love's drunkenness keeps going on.
Know that very well.

Even if the glass-maker never makes a glass,
Still, the glass of love's wine
Comes to our hand easily.

He gives shape to a piece of soul
And asks you to accept that shapely beauty.

I repent. I won't talk. But even then,
You consider that the repentance
Of the drunk is a false one.

If man is in love, at the same time drunk,
If he goes ahead and repents,
Don't pay attention
To the ostentation of that sorcerer.



46.

Verse 488

If you want to have your town
Filled by the beloved,
Go and get the strangers out of the house.

If you want to have a cheerful, happy Sema,
Keep this assembly away from the eye of denial.

If Sema doesn't make the person drunk,
Even if he acknowledges it,
He is still considered an unbeliever.

Whoever acknowledges, and recognizes the wine,
Don't call him drunk. Call him wise.

Send the unbelievers away with some excuse
So that you can have joy and pleasure from Sema.

Even if you remove your Self,
You will find *you* and hug him.

"The shadow of the beloved
Is better than the remembrance of God."⁵⁰
The greatest of the great said it like that.

Don't say the rose is also from the thorn,
Because not every rose's thorn
Gives fruit or grows a rose.

Pull strange thorns from your heart,
But protect rose's thorn
With your heart and soul.

Moses saw a fire in the tree.⁵¹
The tree became greener because of that fire.

Know the passion and desire of the one
Who knows the heart, like Moses.

In appearance it looks like fire,
But it is filled with divine light, like Abraham.

Infidels are seeing Shems of Tebriz as human.
What could get them to open their eyes?



47.

Verse 501

*L*ove is vigor and zeal.
Your life is the best of that.

Kindness is the remedy.
If it comes from you, it is an even better remedy.

The infidelity of your unbeliever's hair
Is better than everybody's faith.

It is easy to give life with love,
Even much easier with your love.

Everybody is your guest,
But the son of this slave,
This mortal, is your oldest guest.

Everybody is separated
From his belongings without you,
But without you, I am the most poor and lonely.

Your love is an eternal mine of glory,
But to see your beautiful face, to reach you
Is a better mine than ever.

Separation is a sword that is sharp,
But love's sword is even sharper.

Every heart is flying with four wings,
But our heart has hundreds of wings,
Flies faster.

It is a good trade to give hundreds of souls
Just to see you.
But it is even cheaper to give half of my soul
To see you.

The dome of this sky turns,
But the skies of love whirl much faster.


Everyone is afraid of the sky of love,
But that sky is afraid of you with your grief.

O Shems of Tebriz, do a favor
So I will know better,
Understand all your marvels.



48.

Verse 514

 how your face.
Don't hide from us,
O beauty like the moon
Who is recognized by seven skies.

We are a bunch of lovers, tempted
In the desire to see you.
We came from a long ways away.

O one in the deep of His heart
Who has hundreds of thousands of paradises,
Hundreds of thousands of houris
And hundreds of thousands of palaces!

Bend over from the roof.
Look nicely at the gathering of lovers.

O cupbearer of Sufis, offer that wine
Which doesn't come
From the jar or from the grape.

Offer the wine of which
The smell of its exuberance
Brings the dead to life from their graves.



49.

Verse 520

Every mind becomes confused when it sees your face.
Every face is scratched by your absence.

I became drunk at your reproach, by your talks.
I don't know if your pure wine
Is better than a sedimented one.

Mind's eye turns into a blind Turk
In front of your greatness.

I act, show myself as deaf so the one
Who praises Him has to raise his voice.

How could anyone who drinks wine not be drunk?
How could someone who has
A slave and servants not be exalted?

Mention of the breath which is blown to earth
Fills from Kaf to Kaf⁵³ with roses.

The place for soul is around your beauty,
Such a place that no one is a stranger there.

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Even the sky falls on its knees
If it smells the musk in your belly button.

The one who comes to Him comes to immortality
And is freed from the land of turbulence.

Soul gave up the world. his excuse is,
"I came to an agreement with Him.
I am at peace with Him."



50.

Verse 530

I became drunk from his curse.
O my God, is that wine good
Or the glass even better?

His bitter cursings give more
Pleasure and joy to me than wine.

I don't go to the trap for the bait.
The love of his trap's trouble
Leads me to that side.

At night, moon, which is not East or West,⁵⁴
Enlightens like morning with its face.

Why is Adam's earth full of agate?
He grabs and pulls him to the mine, step by step.

Eye and heart's divine light is God's prophet.
Make his news an earring to your ears.

When the body drinks the wine of soul
From that side,
In the end, whatever happens to him
Comes from that side.

In front of the beauty
Of the One who gives blessings,
Earth's blessing is too cold.

The Indian sheik came to the convent.
Come down from the roof.
You are not a Turk.

Consider that all of India
Is his small piece of land.
Distribute his private belongings to everyone.

Your Indian fortune is Saturn.
It is great, but his name is not auspicious.

He climbed to the heights
But couldn't get away from bad luck.
What glass does good to bad wine?

I reflect you as a bad Indian.
I am a mirror.
Whatever mirror reflects that
Is not from jealousy or grudges.

Indian is self. My heart is the convent.
His war and peace are not outside.

Enough. The meaning of the word has two faces.
One is white, the other is dark black.



51.

Verse 545

My repentance is not right.
Be silent.

But don't sell me anyone
Because I don't repent.

Don't push your faulty slave
Out of your door.
Don't deny your mercy to him.

You know all the thoughts
That go on in our mind.
Yet we close our lips and are boiling.

Every joy or sorrow
Which has been incarnated in some shape
Is only a servant at your real temple.

They have surrendered to your pen.
Sometimes you make them like a tiger,
At other times like a mouse.

In appearance, every piece of wood seems frozen,
But every one of them boils like a saucepan.

Even a coral mansion screams and yells
Particle by particle, sings like a bird.

It is time to hear the secrets.
God is pulling your ears now.

The time is here; the ones
Covered with green are coming
From the terrace of green tower.



52.

Verse 554

Ⓔoul's Jesus is hungry like a raven.
His donkey keeps eating sesame and regurgitating.

If the donkey eats all the sesame,
Where are we to extract oil for the lamps?

When the Sun is in the sign of Scorpio,
The face of the earth is blackened
With clouds and fog.

O Sun, come back to the sign of the Ram,
Brand the forehead of fall and winter.

O Sun, when you are at the sign of the Ram,
You are life. Earth becomes green with You.
The garden smiles with You.

O Sun, when you break the heart of winter,
Spring's head warms up with You.

O Sun, the statements You make
Are the alms of Your light.

Ahmed has seen hundreds of thousands of suns
Because he has seen You.
"His eye did not turn aside."⁵⁵

He didn't turn around the stairs of the pool.
He drank from the fountain of life.
He has been cleaned with the fountain of life.

When I start to praise You words become scarce.
That's why I call You *Sun*.

When Your good news reaches the spring,
The garden and meadow set an assembly,
Rejoice and start having enjoyment.

Drunks in the garden have flowered.
Satiated ones in the ground are nauseated.

Garment makers are weaving at the land of absence,
But nobody can see their threads.

God would never leave you
Without a job or an occupation.⁵⁶
He is also not idle for one moment.

There are hundreds of thousands of buildings,
But only one architect.⁵⁷ Garments have
Thousands of colors, but only One who dyes them.

He is the foundation of all essences.
His chemical is tanning the leather.

His spark polishes the tulip.
His art is repairing gold and silver.

Heart's nightingales are different.
The voice of the senses
Is like the sound of the raven to them.

The one who is away from the garden and meadow
Cannot be a confidant of the nightingale.
Be silent. It is enough.



53.

Verse 573

O beauty of earth, O graceful universe,
Greetings to you.
O stranger of time, O peerless beauty,
Greetings to you.

O One whose beauty doesn't fit in the town
Under the dome of the sky,
Greetings to you.

You have passed, have gone.
Yesterday, while leaving,
You turned your face and looked just once,
A wail and cry for your separation.
Greetings to you.

Tomorrow you'll say with your love,
"Bring him soon to me."
Greetings to you.

Where is the ear of soul that will
Hear "Greetings to you,"
From the secret world?

Every greeting you hear in the world
Is the echo of the words,
"Greetings to you."

Go in front of the mountain and yell,
“Greetings to you,” and listen closely.

I am hiding your greeting
Because of jealousy.
I don’t want even one ear to hear.
“Greetings to you.”

When I close my mouth,
The rose garden becomes healthier.
Greetings to you.

O Selahaddin, who is order
In the world forever, “Greetings to you.”



54.

Verse 583

○ beauty of earth, grace of the universe,
Greetings to you. My trouble, my remedy
Are both in your hands.

What is the remedy of this slave's trouble?
Do a favor, tell, a kiss from your lips.

If I can't come to your temple with my body,
Soul and heart are all with you.

You don't say anything with an alphabet yet.
The earth is filled with the sound of *Lebbeyk*.⁵⁹

The unlucky ask you
To change them to lucky ones.
The lucky say you are
The luckiest among the lucky.

We are coming from you
Even though we are running toward you.
We are reaching you.
Help, help from you to you.



55.

Verse 589

O light of the heart, come.
O result of work to attain this desire,
Come.

As you know, our life is in your hands.
Don't squeeze your slaves,
Come.

O one who is in love
And beloved at the same time,
Don't be obstinate,
Come.

O Solomon who has a whoopoe
Ask about us sometimes,
Come.

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O old friend, we have seen
So much friendship.
The real kindness comes from you.
Come.

Souls are crying because of separation.
Keep your promise, return,
Come.

Cover fault and guilt.
Scatter goodness and kindness.
That's the custom of the generous.
Come.

What is the word *come* in farsi? *Biya*.
Either come or be fair to us.
Give patience,
Come.

What a relief, what a joy if you come.
But if you don't, we are finished.
Come.

O cheerfulness of Arabs, Keykubad⁶¹ of Persia,
You are the one who can cheer my heart.
Come.

I have been longing for you, O one who brought
All being from His being.
Come.

O my moon-faced one, I have visited
The towns with you, covered everywhere.
Come.

You resemble the sun.
You go away when you come close,
O one who is close to far,
Come.



56.

Verse 602

My zeal and disposition have increased.
I have made a special decision
Not to die anywhere but in your temple.

You close my mouth saying, "Be silent."
You cover my mouth.
I hold the world and scatter everywhere.

My chain is in your hand.
For that reason I hold the circle of the earth.

Pir⁶² has rejuvenated us again.
In sum, I am young; at the same time, old.

I have been thrown from your bow.
That's why I go straight like an arrow
And hit the enemy.

As long as your favor exists,
Who cares for bow and arrow?
I break and throw them all away.

Seeing somebody else is hypocrisy.
I am not a hypocrite.
I don't do double dealing.

You have mixed and merged me
Like honey and sugar.
I have dissolved like sugar in milk.

I have lost all my power and energy
Trying to be a peer to myself. I am tired.
You save me from myself.
Don't delay this until tomorrow.

If you put this off until tomorrow,
This anxiety will ascend to the sky like smoke.



57.

Verse 612

We'll come to sing like spring's nightingales
And hunt nightingales with that song.

His job is coyness, ours is begging.
What can we do without wailing?

We should go to the rose garden,
Gather roses and scatter them
On the heads of lovers.

We should go to the bazaar like drunks
And make everybody drunk and restless.

We'll spend money
With the beautiful-faced Beloved.
We'll serve those dreamy eyes.

Nobody but God knows the pleasure
And joy we have with the Beloved.

If you become our confidant,
Only then will we open the secret to you.

People are running away from the Tartars.⁶³
We pray at the temple
Of the One who created Tartars.

They load their belongings on camels.
We don't have anything.
What can we do?

People are afraid. They are running.
We may as well climb the roof
And count their camels.



58.

Verse 622

Get up. Let's instigate some trouble
And run away from people.

We would sit at the carpet of joy,
Push everybody out in front of us.

We wouldn't choose friends
From any but the graceful ones,
Wouldn't hang around with banal people.

We wouldn't be troubled
By anything in this world;
We would pour the wine
Of comfort and happiness in the glass.

We are involved with joy and pleasure;
Music and dance,
Not devoutness, not asceticism.

If fate started fighting with us,
We would surrender, not fight back.

There is nothing in our hand
To give as a gift, as profit.
Why should we get stuck with anybody?

Shems of Tebriz is an eternal life.
We are drunk forever
From that Sultan of Tebriz.



59.

Verse 630

We came to bring life like the sun,
Do that sort of thing.

To be a friend to the sorrowed one,
To make a rose garden of the things
That have been scattered on the earth,
That's what we came for.

We came to show the soul to earth's body,
To brighten eyes.

We are not like gold,
The property of a few people.
We are an ocean, a mine.
We belong to everybody, belong to humanity.

We are not like earth, a land of pillage.
We resemble the sky, secure and pleasant.

We came to assure with faith,
To give mercy to scared Christians.

Come to your senses. We are above all these.
We cannot fit into words and language.



60.

Verse 637

There is a fire from you in my mouth,
But I have put hundreds of seals on my tongue.

I have such a secret blaze
That it will swallow both worlds like a morsel.

Even if this world is totally destroyed,
I have hundreds of worlds besides this one.

I am love's drunk. I don't know
If I lose or gain from this drunkenness.

I have sent caravans loaded with sugar
From the land of Absence.

My head's eye used to scatter pearls.
Now I have a soul that scatters pearls.

I am not bound to house and family.
I have a home
At the fourth level of sky, like Jesus.

Thanks to the One who gave soul to body;
Soul has gone, but I acquired the Soul of soul.

Look for the thing that
Shems of Tebriz gave to me.
Ask that from me. I have that.



61.

Verse 646

How long will we eat grass
And chew thorns like a camel?
Let's drink wine from the Beloved's hand.

We are worrying because of the hangover of wine;
We drink the eternal wine
Which is free of hangovers.

Offer the cups of the brave,
So we can drink fearlessly like men.

When we drink an innumerable amount of glasses,
We will come back to life
With innumerable breaths.

Cupbearer, stay around
So we will drink wave after wave
Of overflowing wine from your hand.

In order to roast and eat the heart of the prey,
We are running after that drunken lion.

We are from the country
That has been purified from dirt.
We eat our clean sustenance from that land.

We are not fond of carcasses like the vulture.
We eat snake like the stork, with anger.



62.

Verse 654

Why should I have to know you in union?
Why should I learn of you from separation?

Either you fall in my suffering,
Merge with my troubles,
Or I learn the remedy of my sorrow from you.

You are running away by saying "I don't know."
You are either united with me
Or I learn what I don't know from you.

Before, I got mad and hesitating,
Trying to learn something without you.

Since God is with you day and night,
I will learn from God from now on.

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Since I have been separated from you
I have found what I deserved;
When I see you, I say to myself,
"That's what I deserve, I had better learn."

I should gather the dust of your feet
And learn secret chemistry from that.

I would become a particle of your sun
And learn the meaning of, " I swear
By the early hours of the dawn."⁶⁴

How does amber attract?
What does that pull consist of?
I would become a straw to your amber
And learn this.

I would acquire two eyes from two worlds,
And I would learn this from Mustafa.

Who knows the secret of
His eye did not turn aside,
*Nor did it exceed the limit*⁶⁵
Better than Him?

I would follow His air and learn
To turn like the moon without a dress .

I would dress like a fish by myself
So I could learn to swim in the sea.

I would drink blood like heart
And learn to travel without hands and feet.

It seems that nobody is an expert about loyalty.
I may as well learn loyalty from loyalty.

The end of this. You are my beautiful face.
I should learn to have a beautiful face from you.



63.

Verse 670

Don't give water to me
So that I will be your thirsty one.
Make me your lover.
Take away my sleep.

O one whose beautiful image
Becomes Mihrab⁶⁶ to me,
I would keep doing Namaz⁶⁷ day and night.

If I found your image in absence,
I would run to death quickly.

With the hope of finding
The One who causes reason,
I am staging a hold-up
For the caravan of reason.

Mercy to me. Act like a sultan.
I cannot endure your separation.

I became a water wheel for the fountain of life.
For that reason, I keep turning and,
At the same time, crying.

You are my sun. You are my moonlight.
That's why I open my heart and eyes.

When I heard your name, my name and fame
Both became drunk and disappeared.

In front of your fire
My heart jumps up and down like Mercury.

Enough. Give up words.
I can't see one who talks
Because of the dust words raise.



64.

Verse 680

There are hundreds of traps on my way,
But I have hundreds of eyes
And am able to see every small thing.

I have traces on my face.
These are the signs of the sultan
Who has stayed with me.

He is such a treasure
That he is beyond the world,
Is buried in my heart, in my soul.

If I have reached whole faith because of that,
My place darkens doubt.

I have a secret archangel,
Different from the Archangel Gabriel.

What do I do with the picture of a Chinese beauty?
There are love wrinkles on my face.

I slaughter the horse of power
Because I have put a saddle on the horse of love.

I have put my feet down in love.
I have iron feet.

The smell of the Beloved
Is coming from my breath.
There are gardens, meadows
And jasmine inside of me.

My feet are above the ground because of joy.
I have such an earth
That it is at the land of absence.

Go to Tebriz and ask.
It will tell of these things
Because Shemseddin is the one
Who causes me to have them.



65.

Verse 691

We have been involved with that beloved
With our heart and our head.

If I didn't give you new soul every moment.
O heart, I would be tired of this soul.

I have been turning around
That moon like the sky.
What do I need the earth for now?

At the beauty counter of arish⁶⁸
His needle turned me into argac.⁶⁹

My needle turned into thread, into wire
And became a harp because of Him.
I am wailing a high-pitched sound because of Him.

I am planning to remove this world's counter
Which becomes a curtain to God.

I am desiring to burn the curtain of sleep
And somnolence with the fire
Of my awakening eyes.

I said, "My sick heart will find help
And get well from Shems of Tebriz."



66.

Verse 699

O, am I so colorless that I have left no trace?
When will I be seeing myself as I am?

You said, "Scatter the secrets in the middle."
Show me the center where I stand.

As such, I am at a standstill;
At the same time, I keep going.
When will my soul reach constancy?
I don't know.

I am such an amazing sea that has no boundary,
That even my sea has been submerged into itself.

Don't look for me in this world or the other.
Both have disappeared in the universe where I am.

I gave up loss and profit like absence.
I am such a bizarre person, without gain or loss.

I said, "O soul, you are exactly ourselves."
He asked, "What is 'Self' in this
World of openness where I stand?"

"In that case," I said, "You are He."
"Hold," said He, "be silent. I am such
That cannot be experienced with words."

I said, "You don't fit in language or words,
But I am telling you without words or language.

"I rose like the moon from Absence and shone.
Look, I am running without feet."

A voice came:

"From what are you running?

Look and see.

I appear in such a way

That at the same time, I am secret."

Since I have seen Shems of Tebriz,

I have been a peerless sea,

An unseen pearl, an unequaled treasure.



67.

Verse 711

We all have hold
Of each other's hands since Elest.⁷⁰
Thank God that at the end we found each other.

All of us have the same road, the same heart.
We are all drunk from the same wine.

We have chosen love from both worlds.
We don't worship anything but love.

Soul has suffered so much from separation,
Tasted so much bitterness. But at the end,
We are saved from separation.

A sun is reflected through the window.
Even if we were at the bottom,
We have been raised to the top.

Since we have landed on your skirt,
O Sun, don't pull your skirt out from under us.

If we are rubies, we've become like that
Because of Your lights.
If we exist, we exist because of You.

We are moving like particles in front of You.
We broke all bonds because of You.



68.

Verse 719

I named Nizameddin⁷¹ the bottom of a donkey.
I called the dung beetle ambergris.

For the heck of it, I gave the name of greenery
To every bit of dirt in the barn of this earth.

I put a necklace on the neck of the black monkey.
I called *greatest* the one who is despicable.

I became incapable and gave all the attributes
Of soul to the ground. You are excused from soul.

I gave the attributes of Adam, God's Caliph,
To every devil and every cursed one.

I called the raven a nightingale of the garden.
I called the thorn a cypress and a jasmine.

I gave the name of Archangel Gabriel to Satan.
I kept calling on the artichoke as proof.

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It's a pity that I said *bravo* to the real curse and evil
Because of my greed.

Calling a bitch ass a prince
Was from my stupidity, not from wisdom.

I repent all the wrong words,
But it is enough to tell that much truth.



69.

Verse 729

I came again to do the same,
To give life, like the sun, to everything.

I came to lift the lid of wine's jar.
I came as a glass to offer wine to the drunk.

Now, joy and pleasure have raised their flag
To the valley. Why should I hide like a thought?

Since I became the light in the Gardener's eye,
My soul changed to the garden of heaven.

I don't turn around myself like a pivot.
I turn around the poles like the sky.

My sultan, my night turned into day.
For that reason,
I kept giving up the roof and sky.

I am a gold mine, not numbered gold.
Why should I run behind the touchstone?

Quit saying *hey-hey* like a shepherd.
O my sultan, why should I become a shepherd?



70.

Verse 737

I am in love with your face
That adds soul to souls.
Mercy on me. I have fallen in your air.

You are the sun and moon with that face.
We are particles in that air.

We are all waiting at the door of your palace
To see your face through the curtain.

We have passed out of ourselves with the wine
Of your face at the assembly of intimates.

O my friend, don't kill us
Like the enemy by confusion.
At least we are your acquaintances.

But if you are going to kill us,
There is nothing we can do.
We are slaves and servants just to please you.

O one who was born from a fairy,
We have the ring of Solomon.
Even so, we are the dirt where your feet stand.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are soul to souls.
We are all your servants, slaves and poor ones.



71.

Verse 745

I swear that God who is eternal
Knows everything,
Can do everything and will always be
At the disposal of and in possession of everything.

His light lit love's candle
So that hundreds of thousands of secrets
Became known and understood.

The world is filled with lover's beloveds,
Rulers and followers by His command.

He hides amazing treasures
In the spell of Shems of Tebriz.

I swear to God that since you left,
We have been separated from sweetness like a candle.

We are burning like a candle every night.
We are with Your fire, but devoid of honey.

Our body has been demolished
Since we have been separated from his face.
Soul has become an owl in this ruined place.

Turn that rein to this side.
Extend joy's elephant trunk this way.

Sema is haram⁷³ without you.
Music has been stoned like the devil.

No gazel has been said to be enjoyed
And understood while you have been away.

Yet, when your letter was heard
Five or six gazels
Were versified with that pleasure.

O one who is the praise of Damascus,
The land of Ermen and Rum,
Our night will be lit like day with you.



72.

Verse 757

☞ pare a few kisses.
Sweeten us with a sweet smile.

“God will give mercy to your heart.”
This is a nice prayer. You also say *Amen*.

When will I make your knee a pillow and lay down.
Maybe I'll see this in my dreams.

Separation from your lips is death's spell.
Go and read a charm like the one in Jesus's order.

Sky's space is narrow without you.
Put the saddle on the Burak⁷⁴ of union.

You are beautiful.
Loyalty is what beauty deserves.
Make the marriage of loyalty with beauty.

You will be sorry for lovers when they die.
You may as well do first
The thing you would do last.

Pilgrims are stranded on the way to pilgrimage.
Find some medicine for those sick camels.

Make them well so they will reach
Your union of Kaaba. Take care
Of the daily food, water and water sack.

Both eyes of the world are bright with you.
Make this world see the other one.

Make heart and eyes resemble Mount Sinai
By the appearance of your sun face.

Enough. I should be silent.
My insolence went too far.
Who am I to tell you what to do?

If these words of mine don't deserve you,
You make me say the right ones.

O Shems of Tebriz, go toward dawn by swaying
So you will pull the ear of the Moon and Pleaides.



73.

Verse 771

There is some self discovery
In wailing and crying.

It is not the same for me, because I made it a custom
To yell and cry with your love.

I swear to God and God's purity that
I am completely devoid of conceit.

What could eyes see
If they looked at other than your face?

It would be a shame to be afraid of death
And become lame after reaching such Glory
And arriving at such a place.

Your lovers laugh at all kinds of death.
Such a kingdom has been given to them!

Leaves and branches of the tree trembled.
Roots and trunk are immune
To the fear of trembling.

Love's gardeners harvest fruits
From their hearts.

O soul of the lover, gather food;
Pay the price of suffering with troubles.

O Hodja, try to become ascetic;
Gather knowledge.
You cannot acquire love by working the heart.

Shems of Tebriz has said all this,
But where is the ear that will understand it?



74.

Verse 782

What is the knowledge of love?
Giving up the desire of the heart.

It is to become blood.
It is to drink heart's blood,
To wait at the door of fidelity with the dogs.

The lover is the one who sacrifices his life.
For him there is no difference
Between life and death.

Go ahead, O Moslem, take care of yourself.
Stay healthy and happy.
Struggle to become devout.

Because these martyrs cannot wait to die,
They are in love with annihilation.

You try to stay away from mischance and trouble.
Yet, their fear is to become without trouble.

Put a handkerchief on your hand
At the day of Ashura.⁷⁵
You don't have the power or strength
To go to Kerbela.⁷⁶



75.

Verse 789

I am tired of ordinary people's coyness.
I would consider myself nothing
Like the oil of the Pelesenk.⁷⁷

I will hide my honey
From the flies from now on.

I will hide myself so well
That I will steal myself from me, so well
That from now on, the watchman won't find me.

I will run in a different direction every moment
Without a friend, guard or servant.

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My God, since I run to You,
Don't let this crowd catch me.



76.

Verse 794

How long will I be watching this world?
How long will I let water run under straw?

Trouble and torture say, "I brought treasure.
It is necessary to try trouble and torture."

The one who squeezes blood out of milk
Also knows how to squeeze milk out of blood.

The one who turns the sky to earth
Will also know how to make sky out of the world.

I will go in another direction from now on.
How long will I get involved with others?

O musician, you raised the sound up high.
You can play this only on lower notes.

You strike the plectrum too hard, too fast.
We cannot dance to that tune.

Loosen a few strings
So we can understand your melody.

They pull stones
Little by little from the mountain.
It is impossible to move the mountain
In one attack.

Without seeing the one who becomes soul to souls,
It is not easy to give up soul.

O star, show the way, become our guide.
It is not possible to find the road in sand
Without a trace.



77.

Verse 805

I have a wish. Hear quickly.
I'll give you news of love as a pawn.

Be with me for even one moment
So they will weigh gold with barley.

You offer new things, youth.
I, your servant, am old.
You rejuvenate and renew my old things
With one look.

That's what the secret chemistry's job is;
It gives light to dark copper.

Tell of your favor and kindness so they
Will give me oozing butter at tonight's dinner.

O heart, that sultan is in the land of absence,
Yet people keep running all around.
Know this well: You run very slowly.

People's thoughts may be pledged everywhere.
You try harder.
Pull the reed of thoughts.

The land of absence is a great universe.
Six dimensions are a valley there.
So many main roads are there.

Don't leave today's work for tomorrow,
Don't leave it to longing or to the saying,
"Would that I . . ."

The jealous rival keeps blinking his eyes.
Don't keep him out of your sight.
Don't be extreme.⁷⁸

O Shems of Tebriz, you are Hizir⁷⁹ of the view.
Save people from the evil eye.



78.

Verse 816

The cupbearer who catches the heart of the Sufi
Plays this music, this tune until evening.

Drunk and torpid souls
Keep drinking wine after wine.

The soul has gone to the tavern
Of the people who have passed through existence
And pledged his mantle
Which is made of water and earth.



79.

Verse 819

It is nice to fold the cover of the body.
It is nice for the bird of soul to fly.

The soul of eyes has appeared
To the ordinary soul's eye
Who is unable to see the beloved.

He separated the Golden Soul from the soul
Which is made of stone,
Like separating dirt from rice.

The hand of death opens the tip of paper.
Money is in the twisted paper.

The cover of honey's jar is closed,
Yet, you keep licking the top and sides of this.

Throw the jar to the ground.
Break it. It is not the same to see and feel.

Shems of Tebriz, whose name makes
The firmament tremble, breaks that jar.



80.

Verse 826

That charmer whose face and eyes are beautiful
Came at last from hiding.

Beauty gave a cover
To the garden and meadow from the rose garden.

Secret lawn and turf have grown
In the heart of lovers.

He made it hot everywhere
With his warm, fiery breath.

He made them cry blood,
Then hid their blood in his bag.

The smell of that blood comes
To the nose secretly like musk of Tatar's⁸⁰ land.

The ones with longing find
The friend of the cave with that smell.

O Shems of Tebriz, give a secret kiss
As an alm to your soul
Or I will embrace you secretly.



81.

Verse 834

In order to suffer His grief, it is necessary
To have the beloved next to me,
Or I must have patience and decision in my heart.

One should give relief to the one suffering.
But what is a bit of suffering?
It should be thousands of sufferings.

There are lots of enemies who are cheering,
But I must have one friend
Who makes my trouble his own.

Friends are all separated
Because of this journey.
There must be a halt to this journey.

Who is friend? Who is enemy?
In order to understand that, one has
To come back to life after death,
Live once more.

The lion in the forest has been put in chains.
Yet, the lion in the forest has to be free.

Fish are kept fluttering on the sand.
A river or spring is necessary for fish.

The drunk nightingale is dreaming.
He needs a rose garden and meadows.

The eye can't see beyond this curtain.
It needs an eye of admonition.

Those children are all eating dirt.
They need someone, like a nanny, to prevent that.

They cannot find the road
To reach the fountain of life.
They need Hızır for the fountain of life.

Heart has been sorry for whatever
Has happened in the past.
But this year's heart should be the last year.

There is scarcity of sun in this town.
The shadow of a sultan is necessary.

The city is filled with people who worship dried dung.
Musk, which comes from the gazelle
Of Tatar's land, is necessary.

But, nobody knows the difference between
Musk and the dung beetle.
It is necessary to scatter
The smell of musk well.

They are looking for a kingdom for children.
Yet, there should be a state
That has no tax and no percentage.

When you die your talents will be gone.
You should be ashamed of them.

They are looking for all kinds of work.
Instead, they should look for God.

When death closes the door, day changes
Into night. Yet our night should become day.

There are few numbered breaths left in our life.
It should be breath
That cannot be counted by numbers.

The breath of Rahman should come from Yemen⁸¹
And spread to all of the people.

Property is left, but owners have died.
It should be property without death
And it should be endless sovereignty.

Reason has been restricted.
Desire and fancy do what they will, whereas
Reason is the one that should lead the way.

Mind has turned into a fly
Inside of buttermilk,
Whereas the mind of mind should
Be inside of its head.

However, heart's mouth should stay away
From that kind of spoiled buttermilk.

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Stomach is filled with buttermilk,
Ears with lies.
It would be an effort to escape from that.

Ears are plugged, close your mouth.
There should be an earring from reason
On the ears.



82.

Verse 861

*A*lthough you come in the middle of the night,
You are the key of lover's morning.

You are not visible in this world like soul,
But you keep appearing in the world of my heart.

Soul becomes your sacrifice all night,
Because you are the morning of bairam.

O fairy, since you have run away from me,
I also run away like a fairy from people.

I keep ascending, moment by moment,
Like the glory of Mansur,⁸²
Because you are my Beyazid.⁸³

You have cooked so many raw ones
And refined so many like this burned servant.

O Shems of Tebriz, you put a different salve
On the two eyes of reason.



83.

Verse 868

You have been drunk since early dawn.
If not, why did you put on your turban
In such a tilted way?

Today your eyes are really sleepy.
It looks like you drank
Last night until morning.

You are our soul,
The candle of our assembly.
Greetings to you.
Are you glad, happy?

You have drunk wine and ascended to sky,
Become drunk, and freed yourself from all bonds.

The shape of the mind is like a squeezed heart.
The shape of love is drunkenness.

You became drunk and turned
Into a lion hunter riding a drunken lion.

Your guide along this way is vintage wine.
Go ahead. You are freed
From the old firmament and the worn-out sky.

O cupbearer, God's mercy is in your hands,
Because you are not worshipping
Anything except that wine.

You took our mind away with you,
But this time, take it in such a way
That it won't come back again.



84.

Verse 877

You have been drunk since early dawn.
If not, why did you put on your turban
In such a tilted way?

Tell the truth for God's sake.
It seems like you drank wine
From last night until dawn.

It is obvious from your face and eyes,
From your color, that you are
The same family as the falcon,
You are also from that hand.

O benefactor of all existence,
Offer some from your drink.

The lion came hunting today.
Even the mountain trembled and became flat.

You cannot escape by running away from Him.
If you are drunk,
Put your head down like lovers.

You are safe in mercy from now on.
Because you have reached His land of mercy.

Run away sixty fersah⁸⁴ from words.
Because of words you are in bad shape.



85.

Verse 885

In order to tolerate the beloved's grief,
The beloved should be next to me,
Or his grief should have an end and a boundary.

I am sorry for whatever I have done,
But this year's heart should be last year's.

It should be the shade of that spring
So the tree of hope will stay green.

My heart resembles the lion in the forest.
A lion should be in the forest.

In order to separate friend from enemy,
It is necessary to live a second time.

There are many enemies who look for fault.
It would be nice if there were a friend
To make a person's trouble his own.

Our soul, which resembles a fish,
Keeps fluttering,
If only to be around the river.

Since your heart accepts submerging us in grief,
Once is nothing.
Give us a thousand troubles and grief.

What can I do with a beloved
Who recites La-havle?⁸⁶
I need a sweet-faced beloved.

This pig-world is prey to the immature.
What we need is a gazel who hunts souls.

The company who has no loyalty keeps limping.
We need company who can walk straight.

I still have hundreds of words
Which deserve to become earrings to ears.



86.

Verse 897

The shore should be a coast to our sea;
It should be a halt to our journey.

The lion in the forest has been chained.
A lion should be free in the forest.

Fish are kept fluttering on the sand.
A way should be found to the river.

The drunk nightingale is really sleepy.
It should be in a rose garden or meadow here.

Eyes are tired from dirt and dust.
Eyes of admonition are necessary.

All these children are eating dirt.
It is necessary to have someone
To protect them, like a nanny.

They cannot find a way to the fountain of life.
A guide like Hizir, who drinks
From the fountain of life, is necessary.

Heart is sorry for everything
That has transpired.
This year, heart should be in last year.

There is a scarcity of sun in this town.
The shadow of the sultan is necessary.

The city is filled
With worshippers of dried dung.

Musk which comes
From the gazelle of Tatar's land
Is necessary.

But no one is able to separate
Musk from excrement.
More musk should be spread more often.

They are looking for a kingdom for children.
In a state that has no tax,
No percentage is necessary.

When death closes the door,
Morning turns into evening.
Yet, our evening should be changed to morning.

When you die, your talents die too.
You should be ashamed of those talents.

The senile one whose harp will be broken to pieces
Has done something for us.

There is little numbered breath
Left from our life.
It should be breath
That cannot be counted in numbers.

God's breath should come from Yemen's side
And be scattered to everyone.

Death has cooked for us a pot of meal.
We should eat and assimilate it.

Since remembering death repulses death,
We should made it our business
To remember it with every breath.

Hundreds of dead have passed in every breath.
Eyes should shed tears constantly,
Be submerged in mourning.

Property and possessions remain,
But the owner dies.
There should be property without death,
Kingdom without end.

Mind has been restricted.
Desire and fancy do what they will;
Reason is the one
That should lead the way.

Reason has fallen into that buttermilk like a fly;
Mind should have reason in its head.

That fly should have avoided
This bad, spoiled buttermilk.

The stomach is filled with buttermilk,
The ear by a lie.
It takes an effort to escape this.

Ears are plugged, close your mouth.
There should be an earring from reason
On the ears.

An explanation which goes
Beyond understanding
Would be necessary for hints
Of Shems of Tebriz.



87.

Verse 925

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The one who calls his palm a cloud
Is torturing intelligence.

He cries and, at the same time, he forgives,
Yet you forgive with a smile.

Your guilt, just like Joseph's, is your beauty.
Your faults are knowledge and contentment.

Vinegar is to make you sour.
The beloved is sugar. Act sweetly.

That enemy has unhappy eyes like Mars,
Yet you tie the hands of Venus like the moon.

Heart, you have suffered so much in separation.
Now, come to the foundation of union.

You are a drop. Reach the sea
And see your size in front of Him.

Get nourishment from the sun
With the food of the ruby, get His disposition.



88.

Verse 933

O my Beauty, thanks.
Gratitude is ashamed in front of you.⁸⁸

Look to love.
When you open your love's eye,

He opens hundreds of mouths
And keeps looking at those eyes.

O heart, you kept turning around the pool,
But, as you see,
In the end you fell right into it.

You pass through water like wind,
Also through fire.
O heart, are you from fire or from water?

Heart and love are both His students.
He overcomes His students with His mastery.

First, You put the earth
And the one who comes from earth
In front of the broom of the wind.

That wind became pregnant,
A universe was born from that wind.

The one who was born
From that wind ate his mother.
He ate with the heat of fire.

A small worm appeared on the tree,
Ate the whole tree from the roots up.

In reality, that worm was love.
It was in the hearts of hundreds
Of Cunejd⁸⁹ of Baghdad.

When the Caliph beat the drum of immortality,
The creator set the foundation of invention.

A big being appeared, such a being
That it was total joy, pleasure and generosity.

O Shems of Tebriz, show your face to me
So I can talk like Abbadi.⁹⁰



89.

Verse 947

O heart, although you have suffered
And gone through all kinds of trouble,
You have faith and confidence in God.

How could you become helpless
In front of such a temple?
If you believe in God, don't do that, O heart.

You carry a load of thoughts everywhere,
But take a look and see what else you have.

If you are loyal, think about how much he has shown
His kindnesses to you. Remember them.

God gave you head's eye
As well as the eye of soul.
Why do you look for them now
Somewhere else?

Don't waste your life.
Life has already come and is past.
You have the chemistry to become God's goldsmith.

Every dawn a voice comes to you.
"We have our mountain on your forehead,
Come to us. Come."

You were a clean soul before you had this body.
How long will you be separated from Him?

A clean soul stays in black dirt.
“I won’t tell you,” you say.
Is that what one deserves?

Recognize yourself by your clothes.
You have a dress made
From water and dirt.

Every night you take your clothes off,
Become naked,
Because you have another place
Besides this one.

Enough. I have said this much because
You have an acquaintance with that street.



90.

Verse 959

Pity. Pity someone as loyal as I am
Who is looking for and desiring someone
As bloodthirsty as you are. Pity.

Pity. Pity a doctor who sheds blood
And comes to the bed of a crying patient.

Nobody causes his friend the torment
That you have caused me.

I asked him, "Do you attempt to end my life
Even if I have committed no sin, have no guilt?"
He answered, "Yes."

He said, "My love doesn't kill the guilty.
It only kills the innocent ones.

"I burn a new rose garden every moment.
Who are you in front of me? Only a thorn.

"I have broken thousands of harps of joy.
Who are you? Only a string in my harp.

"Cities have been destroyed by my armies.
Who are you? Only a demolished wall."

I said to him, "No swindler has ever saved His life
By the least important swindle."

A deceitful one has been hung upside-down
From every thread of your hair.

Whether I play or not, I have been
Checkmated by that king.

He regrets it whether he buys it or not.
This is unseen trading.

If he buys a few, he says,
“I wish I had them all.”

If he doesn't buy, he bites his hands,
Becomes desperate and falls to the ground.

It looks like he grabbed the branches
And gave up the roots and trunk;
He gave soul and obtained a carcass.

He lost his legs for the love of a horseshoe.
For the price of a turban, he lost his head.

While there was such a customer,
He didn't pay attention.
While there was such wine, he stayed sober.

The donkey has chosen the pasture of body.
That dirty donkey got stuck in the pasture.



91.

Verse 977

☪ cupbearer, O cupbearer,
What do you deem proper?
Day will soon pass, and we are still sober.

If you put appetizers in front of us,
You'll run away with our minds.

Instead of wine, you are saying words
Which are beautiful and have subtle meaning.
Your intention is to steal our minds
Like a pickpocket.

If you don't see the trouble of heart,
Hear the wailing and crying from the harp.

The cries of the ney and harp
Tell that the situation of heart has fallen.
Listen to them.

Why do you talk about being in love?
Why do you talk at all?

You are the necklace on the neck,
The earring on the ear.
So why do you keep scratching your ear and neck?

Don't make words a prey for the trap.
Anyway, this restraint comes from words.

Because words are sometimes a lock,
Sometimes a key, we are sometimes
Enlightened by them, at other times
They leave us in the dark.

You are a rose garden
Words are the wind
Bringing the smell from there.

You consist of divine light.
Word is a glass if there is light from You.

Close the water bag. The jars are full.
Excess water blows up the water bag.



92.

Verse 989

Your job, your work is joblessness, worklessness.
You are helped by God.

There is no need to figure in front of the pen.
That pen doesn't need any help.

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Be an idol in front of that idol maker,
Because all your color and shape come from Him.

If He asks you, "What shape do you want?"
Answer, "The shape of Absence."

If you put me in the shape of a body,
You are my soul.
If You turn me into heart,
You are the One who catches this heart.

You are the One who offers the favor
Of the rose to the thorn. Otherwise
What would the branch of the thorn
Do besides be a thorn?

Give wine, wine. You are the One
Who made us an addict of wine,
Because it is haram⁹¹ to be sober with You.



93.

Verse 996

When love appeared like an infidel,
Faith covered itself with a zunnar with fear.

“Help. Help,” a voice ascended
To the sky from earth.
But He didn’t give mercy to anyone.

There is no corner where an enemy won’t hide.
There is no treasure
Where a snake won’t be curled.

Didn’t Joseph take shelter in the well?
Didn’t Mohammed escape to the cave?

He put a chain on the leg of Zun-Nun.⁹²
He raised Mansur’s head at the gallows.

You cannot find peace and comfort anywhere
But in the land of absence. Run to absence.

To suffer all these wounds for a mantle,
To give your head just to get one turban,
Really, it isn’t worth it.

A shroud is much better than expensive costumes.
The grave is better than this town.

When will I be free from existence
And fly to absence like a bird?

When will the bird of soul be free
From the cage of body and fly to the rose garden?

He will have an imaginary breakfast
When he opens his wonderful beak.

Heart, eyes and stomach all eat light,
Because the essence of that meal is from glory.

They eat secretly the meal of
“They are alive and at the level of their God.
They are all nourished.”⁹³

My gazelle, whose belly is filled with musk,
Will be freed from the trap
Of this deceitful firmament.

Soul goes to the world where no one is idle
And joins the pure, clean souls.

A handful of wheat in this trap
Naturally comes from a barn.
This garden of earth, which renews
Itself constantly, naturally gets its water
From one river.

Who is the one who makes
The minds of the people of earth?
A Sultan who has
No beginning of the beginning,
Who mends all broken ones.

If He didn't scatter mind and reason,
There wouldn't be any intelligent people
In the universe.

If that Sultan didn't kindly wake up
The sleeping ground, it would keep sleeping.

Blood and filth would never be able to gain
Any beauty. His kindness would put
A cover on them and adorn them.

Put your mind into your head.
Don't be satisfied with one granary.
Go to the threshing floor.

There is a kulah⁹⁴ on the head
Of your mind because of Him.
Make a dress out of satin.

Give up this kulah. Buy a head,
Because there is no kulah
On the head of your soul.


O my heart, run to the sign of Shems. Stay there.
Don't be satisfied with seeing him only once.

He is such a Shems of Tebriz that,
Because of his brilliance, even the sun
Becomes company to this whirling sky.



94.

Verse 1021

tay well at the head of everyone.
Your great assembly should last as you desire.

Clean people have discovered
Good name and fame because of you.
Long live your name and fame.

You are the one who gives
A blessing to this servant.
I send my greetings and prayers to you.

How can I explain how much I miss you?
I am only a fish. You are the sea
Of kindness and generosity.

In what condition would a thirsty fish be
Without water?
O one who becomes prey
And, at the same time, a trap for the soul!

The reason for sending this greeting is
That you are the one who will be able
To complete my work.

The one who brings my letter
Desires to drink the sherbet of your kindness.

You did favors for the people
Who advanced, as well as the rest.
They all remain in comfort and peace.

Take the people under your wing, because nowa-
days, You are the one who can protect them.

Protect them so that their health and welfare
Will grow under your shadow,
Because you are the place
Where they will take shelter.
You are peace and comfort.

I will also be submerged in your favor. Anyway,
You showed so much kindness at the beginning
That I'm sure you will complete it.

Your shadow will remain eternally
On the head of Muslims.
You are the sun of Muslim.

If you have any job or service to do here,
Order it so I can serve you
And become your servant.



95.

Verse 1034

*A*s long as you are master of the club,
We will turn into a ball.

We became drunk from this turning.
We don't know anything. You are the one
Who knows the secret of this whirling.

When work ends up with whirling,
Constancy and remembrance,
Fakih* becomes a secret meaning to the person.

But whirling and remembrance in love
Are a must to every definite evidence.

How are rats
Which are at the corner of the house
Able to hear the nightingale's wails?

How do the eyes of old people
See the charms of soul's beauties?

But again, love prepares Isfahan's salve
To put on the eyes of the blind.

Love also offers the fountain of life
To the old and makes them young again.

All the friends have been rejuvenated by love.
Yet, you have stayed the same. Why are you waiting?

Your riding donkey came down.
It is not proper to ride a donkey
In this square.
The donkey doesn't deserve to be there.

O my sultan, why are you riding a donkey?
You are the sultan of sultans.
Your ancestors were all sultans.

The saddle of the donkey doesn't
Deserve you. You should ride a horse.

O one who became soul to a person today,
You were row on row of armies before.⁹⁷

If I were not afraid to break and ruin,
O soul, I would tell you many other things.



Verse 1048

I am drunk with secret wines.
 I have passed out of myself
 With the secret ney, tambourine and harp.

For such a secret beloved,
 One should show his loyalty secretly.

For years my soul kept humming
 In this banal place.

I asked, "O soul, where are you?"
 I am at the secret sign
 Of the Zodiac." he answered.

That beautiful-faced secret moon!
 The sun is at my left, the moon at my right.

Musteri⁹⁸ sold that moon face.
 I secretly gave his money to him.

How can my darkness stay
 When a light comes from hidden greatness?

How can my fire be extinguished?
 What is pale?
 The proof of secret calamity.

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Our soul shouldn't be saved from that trouble.
Instead, it should obtain secret gifts from it.

Shems of Tebriz has cooked nice soup.
Sufis, sala⁹⁹ to you, secretly.



97.

Verse 1058

You are Soul to soul,
Soul to hundreds of souls,
Secretly yelling hundreds of times.

You put the horseshoes on in the reverse way,¹⁰⁰
Riding the horse secretly,
But only the deaf cannot hear your praise.

No one would understand that
Except an imbecile. You would feel embarrassed
To make a leather bag from that piece.

Obstacles in front and in back of you are those of shyness.
Yet, you keep saying, "My head is high.
I am the greatest of these people."

But if you avoid this,
Someone who doesn't care for temporary things
Will honor and exalt you.



Verse 1063

You keep silent, but you are saying,
 "Are you really soul? You keep
 Yelling and screaming secretly.

You are a garden. Your shape is a leaf.
 Besides, what is one garden?
 You are hundreds of thousands of gardens.

The garden of life is a dungeon without you.
 Death is an escape from that dungeon.

Your soul is like a sea.
 Your shape is a cloud.
 Soul's enlightenment is pieces of coral.

O unique one, the ones who call God
 Are the ones who become a ball to your order,
 Because you are the sultan who holds the club.

If the one who doesn't become a ball
 Turns into gold, it is all right,
 But he doesn't deserve the square.

Chisel away your rough edges.
 Don't blame others
 Because you are an agile, round ball.

Satan has been repulsed from God's temple
Because of his blame.

Even if you are a perfect ball,
Leave yourself to the lathe operator
So you can be made rounder.

Blame, which is the habit of Satan,
Prevents man from understanding the others.



99.

Verse 1073

○ One who gives blessings to me,
You are the best in beauty.
You are second to no one.

You are such a sea
That you cover the whole world,
Scattering pearls and coral to the shore.

Your slave's building is dilapidated.
Enforce its pillars.

What is this torment? You are merciful.
Why do you forget me,
Leave me to forgetfulness?

When the snake of separation attacks
And bites like a snake and poisons me,

My face becomes pale like saffron.
My tears pour out like water from a cup.

Protect the heart who made his home your air.
There is nothing to help me besides your love.

The eyes of my enemies are smiling.
They enjoy seeing my situation,
How long my brothers shed tears for me.

O One who covers the whole world with His soul,
Your presence is everywhere.



100.

Verse 1082

Give a new order.
You are the sultan of time.
Print new money.
You are the sultan.

Unconditional command in the universe is yours.
The others who rule are just shape.
You are the soul.

The things sultans look for in their dreams
Become easily available to you.

All the birds eat your feed.
You are the stately bird among them.

The roof of state has been raised above our head,
Because you are the essence of essence,
The whole human. You are humanity.

Even if you give heart to the soul
Of an animal, it will go higher
Than the soul of the material
And the soul of angels.

Remove the conditions and restrictions
From lovers. You know their situation.

Either it has been predestined by God
Or set by Satan.
Remove the traps from the lover's road.

Remove the traps so I will be embarrassed,
Because you are like God whose favor is great.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are entirely compassion,
Because you are the secret of divine attributes.



101.

Verse 1092

I gave my will to You.
You are my wish. I am Your slave,
Your servant. You are my sultan.

Heart gave his will to You,
Keeps asking for You. You are
The One who opens this closed door.

I am the ground You step on,
But I am flying like dust
Because You are the wind.

My devotion is to drink wine.
My fight is with the glass.
Because devotion is You, to me,
So is work and struggle.

My nature is bad. My blood is no good,
But I still give thanks because You
Are in my creation. You are in my blood.

The disposition that You have created,
You accepted, naturally, as good, because
You are the desire, You are the wish.

When You become glass,
Poison turns into wine.
Cruelty becomes favor
When it comes from You.

Enough. I will be silent so I remember You.
But in fact, every call is to call You,
Every remembrance is to remember You.



102.

Verse 1100

You are drunk and talking like a lover.
Are you a stranger or from this village?

How can that be haram¹⁰¹ to attempt
To cast a spell to your magical eyes?

When the moon sees your face, it feels shame
Because of its deficiency. With such a situation,
Why doesn't Venus behave?

What advice could be good for lovers?
The torrent is already carrying them all.
What are you looking for?

How would you be able to understand our beauty?
We belong to that side. You are on this side.

We are lost in this fable.
Why don't you wash your hands of us?

Since you are a ball
In front of the beloved's club,
Walk by prostrating to love's square.

You are a slave in front of the eyes
That resemble that Turk;
Others are servants at the lowest level.

You fight or lay down out of your obstinacy
At this place of harem, O patience; you are
Sometimes a nanny, sometimes a shameless one.

O sun, neither your boundary appears
Nor do you measure by a scale.

O moon, recognize yourself once.
Don't you turn into a small hair
At the end of the month?

O Venus, cover yourself. You don't have shame.
You are an ill-reputed woman.

O mature lover, you come. You are the
Divine light of God's essence, or you are *He*.

I have lost my feet,
Left them on this road.
My knees are also gone.

I will go like a boat laying next to my heart.
O my heart, you have thousands of sides.

You are going, swaying right and left,
Out of yourself to the place
Where there is no right or left.

Soul has neither right nor left.
You can only get a smell of it, if possible.

If you turn your face from that sugar-face,
Even if you are sugar cane, you would surely
Be a bad-tempered person.

But even if you are Satan,
If you turn your face to Him,
By God, you will turn into a moon
Ten times brighter than a moon.

What can I say? How can I praise Him?
All these *he's* are the slave
And servant of that *He*.

Put your mind in your head.
Listen to one of his disposition.
Sometimes he acts like a lion,
At other times like a gazelle.

Enough. Be silent. Words cannot
Take the place of sight. Neither can
The pomegranate or apple replace the plum.



103.

Verse 1122

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You became a little bit drunk
And started to talk. Are you
A stranger, or are you from this village?

You are walking like a drunk, swaying
Right and left. Keep looking for the one
Who has neither right nor left.

Soul has no right and no left.
You keep going behind the one
Who wounded the soul.

If you turn your face from that sugar face,
Be sure that even if you are sugar cane,
You are someone with a bad disposition.

But even if you are Satan and turn
Your face to Him, by God, what a
Beautiful moon-face you will be.

What can I say? How can I praise Him?
He is such a *He* that He would
Take soul, as well as heart, with Him.

Put your mind into your head.
Listen to one of his disposition.
Sometimes he acts like a lion,
At other times, like a gazelle.

I have lost my feet on this road.
My knees are also gone.

If you are a ball at His square
Your head shouldn't be run
By anything but His club.

If you are as shallow as the sky,
Come to your senses.
Don't hang on these words.
It is enough.



104.

Verse 1132

How long will you be fighting?
How long will you stay in that crowd?
Slowly get used to solitude.

The one who lives in solitude
Has such a nice love. Go ask him,
“What kind of love is that?”

Solitude means you take shelter in someone,
Go into a nice sleep, a nice rest.

You should go under the shade
Of fortune's tree, settle down and rest there.

If you want to have your fortune open,
Don't open your bail under every tree.

Don't ever bother to go to the awareness
Of *me* or *we*, even if he calls you,
Saying, “You are from us.”

Go ahead, go to your essence.
The face of the inconstant is always black.

What is coming to your essence
Is to be submerged in the One
And to forget self.

When you reach Sultan Selahaddin,
You will be straightened up
If you were unsettled.



This is the end of
Bahr-i Hafif Müseddes

NOTES

- 1 Koran XV,26.
- 2 Kharum: XV-26.
- 3 Purple color juda tree.
- 4 Special kind of rose.
- 5 Koran LXXIX-31, LXXXVII-1.
- 6 Koran LXXXVII-4.
- 7 Koran LXXXVII-7.
- 8 Koran LXXXVII-3.
- 9 Koran LXXXVII-6.
- 10 The world is a dungeon for the believer, heaven for the unbeliever. (Khaddis Cami-al Saguyr, Egypt 1323, 11-14.)
- 11 Letter of Arabic alphabet.
- 12 The second line of every verse of this gazel is in Arabic.
- 13 Koran XXXIII-53.
- 14 Koran LXXV-9.
- 15 The river Euphrates.
- 16 Name of idol made by the tribe of Kureysh before Prophet Mohammed.
- 17 Ruku-secde: During Namoz, standing or prostrating.
- 18 Founder of Suni-Hanefi sect. (died 767)
- 19 Founder of Suni-Shafii sect. Abu-Abdulah Mohammed. (died 819)
- 20 In the old times, sugar came from Egypt.
- 21 Koran XXXIX-36.
- 22 Koran XCIX 7-8.
- 23 The Prophet Mohammed.
- 24 The ascension to heaven.
- 25 Koran VI-96, CXIII-1.
- 26 Verses 169, 170 and 171 are in Arabic.
- 27 Ruler of Israel. Named Saul in old testament, named Tabut in Koran II-247-250.
Cabut is named Colyat in Old testament.
- 28 Koran VII-172.
- 29 Wife of Potiphar.
- 30 Emperor.

- 31 Money changer.32 This gazel is Mevlana's third letter to Shems who was in Damascus at that time.
- 33 Cemshid: A. Name of legendary Persian King. B. The sun when in the sign of Pisces.
- 34 Alas to the one who doesn't have fruit like the willow. (Divan at Library of Istanbul University.)
- 35 Canopus.
- 36 Rose of sadberk: Special kind of rose.
- 37 Pehlivan: Wrestler.
- 38 Koran LV-3-5.
- 39 Koran VIII-17.
- 40 An old folk saying.41 Ismi a'zam: Greatest name. One of God's names. Allah, Hu.
- 42 Koran II-156.
- 43 A nomad's tent.
- 44 Prophet Mohammed's ascent to heaven.
- 45 Persian King.
- 46 From verse 449 to the end the verses are written in Arabic.
- 47 Khadis: Cami I-45.
- 48 Koran IX-40: "He being the second of two."
- 49 Prophet Mohammed. "If it wasn't you, I wouldn't create." There is no such Khadis. Aliyy-al Kaari: Mevzuet-i Kebir. Matbaa-i Amire H.1289 p.67-68.
- 50 Unable to find the origin of that statement (Golpinarli).
- 51 Koran XX-7-10.
- 52 After the first verse, every odd verse is in Arabic.
- 53 Kaf: Legendary mountain.
- 54 Koran XXIV-35.
- 55 Koran LIII-17. The eye did not turn aside, nor did it exceed the limit.
- 56 Koran LV-29.
- 57 Koran II-138.
- 58 This is the second letter sent to Shems-i Tebriz. The first verse and second line of second verse are in Arabic.
- 59 At your service.

- 60 This gazel is the first letter sent to Shems of Tebriz.
Verses 1800-1806 are in Arabic.
- 61 Persian king.
- 62 Master.63 Mongols. The mongols came very close to
Konya and defeated the Selcuks in 1256.
- 64 Koran XLIII-1: I swear by the early hours of the day.
- 65 Koran LIII-17: The eye did not turn aside, nor did it
exceed the limit.
- 66 Niche in mosque indicating the position of Mecca.
- 67 Moslem ritual of prayers.
- 68 Bow collector.
- 69 Woof.
- 70 Koran VII-172.
- 71 There are several persons named Nizomeddin around
Mevlana. We don't know which Nizomeddin is the one
who is blasted in the gazel.
- 72 This is the fourth letter Mevlana sent to Shems in
Damascus.
- 73 Religiously not permissible.
- 74 The white horse on which the Prophet ascended to
the sky.
- 75 The tenth day of Muharrem. In 680 A.D. the grandson
of the Prophet, Iman Tuseyn was martyred by Yezed.
A day of mourning at Kerbela.
- 76 A city in Iraq.
- 77 The name of a tree that grows in hot climates.
The oil of its leaves and branches is used as an
ordinary lubricant.
- 78 Koran XI-112; XX-81.
- 79 One who comes unexpectedly to help.
- 80 Tartar: Mongol.
- 81 "I feel Rahman's (God's) breath from the direction of
Yemen." (Ahadis Mesnevi)
- 82 Mansur: Sufi master (d.922)
- 83 Beyazid: Sufi master. (d.874)
- 84 A distance measurement of 3+ miles.
- 85 This poem is almost the same as poem 81.
Most likely two different people recorded it differently.

- 86 "Only God has the power to change from one situation to the other." (Khadis)
- 87 This gazel is also similar to gazels 81, 85.88 Second line of first verse is missing. (Golpinarli)
- 89 Cuneid: Great Sufi who lived in Baghdad. (d.910)
- 90 Emir Kutbuddin Abu-Mansur Muzaffeer (d. 1152)
He was known as a good orator.
- 91 Religiously forbidden.
- 92 Zun-Nun: Letter of Arabic alphabet.
- 93 Koran III-169.
- 94 A conical hat.
- 95 This gazel is probably a letter to a close friend in a high position.
- 96 Moslem jurisprudence.
- 97 Souls were row on row (aquadrons) of armies.
The ones who meet each other have peace.
The ones who hate each other fall into separation.
(Khadis-Camu V.I, p. 102-103.)
- 98 This word can mean customer or the planet Jupiter.
- 99 Call to prayer.
- 100 From old stories that horseshoes were put on backwards to fool any pursuer.
- 101 Religiously not permissible.
- 102 This and gazel 102 are most likely the same gazel recorded by two different people.

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○ friends, the beloved has come to make peace.
What has happened to you
That you stay out of doors?

The time for separation and waiting is over.
O sound-minded ones, enter through the door.

Beauty's sun has opened his chest.
Get your clothes from its blaze.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr Meter 12
Gazel 7, Verses 56-58